National Tribune

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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A Boy Spy in Dixie.

Service Under the Shadow of the Hangman's Noose.

TREASON IN ITS LAIR.

Watching Jeff Davis Inaugurated as "President."

SAVING FORT PICKENS.

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CHAPTER I.

Some Account of the Author and His Life Previous to the War—Enthusiastic to Serve His Country—Departure for the Rebel Capital—A Spectator at Jeff Davis's Inauguration—Timely Knowledge of the Plot Against Fort Pickens—Escape to the Fort.

Successful spies are like poets—born, not made, at least, to be hung. I was born near Mason and Dixon's line, at the foot of a Pennsylvania mountain, in the neighborhood where President Buchanan and that other President, Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railway, also first saw light.

My grandfather, who had been an officer in the British navy, and had served in the same ship with Lord Nelson, was the schoolteacher of Thomas A. Scott, and, in course of time, I became the pupil of Mr. Scott in learning telegraphy in his railway office when he was a Division Superintendent at Pittsburg.

The outbreak of the rebellion found the sole railway to Washington in the hands of the enemy, in effect, as the control of the Baltimore & Ohio Road was really in the interests of the Secession leaders.

Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of War, Hon. Simon Cameron, at once called Mr. Scott to his aid as Assistant Secretary of War, to control all railways used for military purposes. Col. Scott drew around him old employes in whom he reposed confidence, and through the influence of Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, I was employed and soon placed

ON SECRET-SERVICE DUTY.

In addition to the work at Montgomery and Pensacola, detailed further on in this narrative, I was supposed to have peculiar fitness for secret-service duty. While employed in Col. Scott's office in Pittsburg, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, I became a proficient operator, and could very easily read a telegraph instrument by sound, which in those days was considered an extraordinary acquirement. I had been promoted rapidly in railway work, and before leaving Philadelphia was Chief, or Division Operator. This gave me very large responsibilities, as the road then had but one track, and close watch had to be kept of the various trains moving in the same or opposite directions. It became a habit of Col. Scott on receiving news of any accident to a train or bridge along the road to have an engine fired up and be off at once, with me along provided with a pocket instrument and a little coil of copper wire. It seems now to me that such trips usually began at night.

Arrived at the place of wreck, I would shin up a telegraph pole, get the wire down, cut it and establish a "field station" at once, the nearest rail fence and a convenient boulder furnishing desk and office seat, where I worked while Col. Scott remained until the work was done. He was thus in direct communication with every train and station on the road, and in as full personal control as if in his Pittsburg office. Such work perfected me in telegraphing. At times, when a burned or broken bridge or a wrecked train delayed traffic, trains would accumulate at the point, and the noises of escaping steam from the engines, the progressing work and babel of voices about me made it utterly impossible to hear any sound from my little instrument. I then discovered that I could read the messages coming by watching the movement of the armature of the magnet, and afterward that,

WHEN SOUND AND SIGHT FAILED,

I could read still by the sense of feeling, by holding my finger-tips gently against the armature and noting its pulsations. I was not only proficient, but expert in telegraphy. Telegraphers know, though the general public may not, that messages can be sent by touching together the ends of a cut telegraph wire, and can be received by holding the ends to the tongue. My tongue, however, has always been too sensitive to take that kind of "subtle fluid."

Telegraphers have many methods of secret communication with each other; rattling teaspoons or tapping knives and forks at the table, or the apparently aimless "Devil's tattoo" of the fingers on the table or armchair are common methods, and I have heard of one in a tight corner who *winked* out a message appealing for help. It might be well to avoid playing poker at a table where two telegraphers are chums, for it is possible that one might learn when to stay in a little longer for the raise and make a pot a little bigger.

On one occasion, mentioned further on in this narrative, I was lounging near the old wooden shanty near Gen. Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas Junction. I easily read important dispatches to and from Richmond and elsewhere, and repeated the operation hour after hour, several days and nights. It was unfortunately the case, however, that I then had no means of communication with Washington to transmit the information gained, although in later years of the war it would have been easy, as I was then a Signal Officer in the Army of the Potomac and could have utilized some retired tree-top and signaled

OVER THE HEADS OF THE ENEMY

to our own lines. This is rather anticipating my story, and, as Uncle Rufus Hatch once said when dictating to me, "We must preserve the sequence."

It is more than likely that I was too young in those days to properly appreciate the advantages of the rapid advancement I had gained in position and salary, especially as

A FENCE-CORNER OFFICE.

the latter enabled me to make a fool of myself; and here comes in my "first love story," which I tell because it had much to do with the adventures of which this narrative treats.

"I loved a maid,
And she was wondrous fair to see."

and I will designate her as No. 1, to distinguish this from other such affairs—both sides of the lines. This affair, which served to further train me for the duties that lay before me, resulted in a visit, during the Winter before the war broke out, to Western Texas, where a wealthy bachelor uncle had a well-stocked plantation between San Antonio and Austin. There I became associated with the young sons of the best Texas families, and acquired the ability—I had nearly written agility—to ride a bucking broncho and became an expert shot with a Colt's revolver.

My experience as a rather fresh young Pennsylvania boy among the young Southern hot-bloods would make too long a chapter here, but suffice it to say that a youthful tendency to give my opinion on subjects without regard to probable consequences, kept me in constant hot water

AFTER PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ELECTION.

Among the young men with whom I associated, through my uncle's standing and influence, was a grandson of the famous Col. Davy Crockett, with whom I became involved in a difficulty, and greatly to the astonishment of the "boys," I promptly accepted his challenge to a pistol fight. Some of our older and more sensible friends quickly put an end to the affair. When my uncle (who was absent at Austin at the time) returned he furnished me with a pocketful of gold double-eagles and shipped me off by stage to Galveston, whence I crossed the Gulf to New Orleans and came up the Mississippi to my home. After a short visit there I came to Washington in time to witness the leave-taking of some of the Southern Senators, and attended the last levee of President James Buchanan.

Washington was a very busy place early in the year 1861, and the excitement was intense on every hand.

SOUTH CAROLINA HAD SECEDED,

and other States had followed her example, or were preparing to do so, while the planning was mostly carried on right in the Capital itself.

I had more time than money to spend. I engaged board at the St. Charles Hotel, on Pennsylvania Ave., because cheap, and there first met Andrew Johnson, then a Senator from Tennessee, who occupied the same table where I took my meals. Soon after my arrival I met on the street one day a distinguished Texas friend of my uncle, who greeted me cordially as a fellow-Texan, and presented me to his companion, Senator Wigfall, of Texas.

My friend's room at Brown's Hotel was the general rendezvous of Texans in the city, and I was a frequent visitor there. My uncle was well-known all through Texas, and as his nephew I was regarded as a Texan

INTERVIEW WITH ANDREW JOHNSON.

by the Texans here, and hence none thought to check their talk before me. I involuntarily discovered that the

SECESSION CONSPIRACY

was being carried on here, and learned from their talk that the delay in the secession of Texas was only to enable the conspirators to have a certain bill passed by Congress appropriating a large amount of money before the State went out. I was astonished at this, but managed to keep my head shut while I listened to hear more.

I was a frequent lounger about the Capitol, and was present in the Senate gallery one day when Wigfall made his famous denunciatory attack on Senator Andrew Johnson for his Unionism, when he quoted, significantly pointing at Johnson:

"Lord Angus! thou hast lied."

That evening at dinner the attack was referred to by Mr. Johnson, when I blurted out that Mr. Wigfall had little to boast of, as he was plotting to rob the Government before his State seceded. Mr. Johnson became interested, questioned me carefully, and asked me to his rooms after dinner. Afterward he conferred with Representative John Covode, to whom I had letters from Col. Scott, and together they urged me to continue my visits to the Texas rooms, so that they might better prove the fact, which was until then only suspected, but not proven, that treason was actually being plotted right in Washington, while the plotters were still holding office under their oaths to support the Government.

My object in visiting the Capital was for sight-seeing, but as it became evident that war was to come, I turned my attention to procuring an army appointment, and in this desire was aided by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Covode.

These gentlemen went a number of times to the War Department in my behalf, where they told Secretary Cameron of the service I had rendered the Union cause in watching the Texan conspirators. Finally, one day when I had accompanied Mr. Covode, I suggested that I was anxious to go to Montgomery, Ala., to watch and report upon affairs at the

FIRST CONFEDERATE CAPITAL.

Mr. Cameron jumped at the idea, and said at once to Mr. Covode to have me go there, and some appointment would be given me on my return.

I do not know whether the aged statesman has improved his handwriting any in later years, but at the time he held the War portfolio in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet he rivaled Horace Greeley in illegibility. He wrote out a memorandum indorsement on one of my letters of application, and I left the room. When I afterward saw Col. Scott in Philadelphia he asked me what I had received, and I told him I thought it must be an application for railway passes; referring to the old story of the railway Superintendent who wrote an angry letter to a man, which the latter used for years as a pass over the road, because no one could decipher it.

Leaving Philadelphia, I went by way of Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville, to Nashville, where I remained a day, and thence to Montgomery, having stopped on my way through Kentucky to visit the Mammoth Cave.

At Montgomery I took quarters at the Exchange Hotel, in which Jeff Davis was

MONEY ENCOURAGEMENT.

also located, with several of his Cabinet. The city was full of people from every part of the South, and the Exchange, as well as all the other hotels, was crowded so that no person could get a room alone.

The hotel corridors were thronged at all hours, and there alone did there seem to be any general enthusiasm for "the cause." In fact, through the city and in other towns there was so little excitement that it made me suspect that the people generally were not heartily engaged in the rebellion. It may be that the excitement had worn off during the long months of preparation that had gone by; for that such preparation was made is proved by the fact that one day I saw a handbill posted up which offered a bounty for men enlisting in the army for defense of the State, and this was some time before the firing upon Fort Sumter. The most conspicuous persons about the hotel lobbies were numbers of clerks who had recently been engaged in the

DEPARTMENTS AT WASHINGTON,

but had resigned to go with the South. They were generally boisterous and talked loudly and without restraint, and in their greetings to newcomers spoke freely of others yet remaining in the various Departments at Washington who would yet leave, and of others in various positions who were in sympathy and working for the rebels. Those clerks of this class who remained North yet were in constant communication with their fellow-rebels at Montgomery, and made a point of keeping the rebel officials informed in that way of everything of importance transpiring in the Washington Departments. These facts I collated as carefully as possible and sent North, but it is a pity that the names of others were not divulged who were often suspected of disloyalty during the war.

My room-mate at the hotel, where I remained until after Fort Sumter was fired upon, was a young man who had been

A CADET AT WEST POINT,

and had resigned and gone to Montgomery to obtain a commission, as had been promised to all resigning Cadets. I became quite intimate with him, and we spent much of our spare time rambling about the beautiful city. This young gentleman was the only person I had anything to do with who seemed to have the least suspicion that I was not the Texan on his way home that I had professed myself to be. One night, while lying in bed after the lights were out, he suddenly remarked that I talked strangely like some Northern men

BAR-ROOM WARRIORS.

he had met at West Point. The darkness concealed my surprise at the remark, and I quieted what suspicion he might have had by explaining that I was English.

Referring to the handbill offering bounty, of which I have above written, reminds me that at that time I wrote a general letter, in which I told of this, to the Pittsburg *Chronicle*, which was published before the fall of Sumter. It was a frequent thing during the war for the rebels to slightingly speak of the "Lincoln hirelings," bought by big bounties, and they have generally denied that bounties were offered on their side.

My young ex-West Point friend was very anxious for war, and we had about decided to go together to Charleston to see the reduction of Fort Sumter, but the attack was made earlier than the date fixed upon by the authorities, and my plans were suddenly changed.

Early in the morning of April 12 the news came that the rebels had at last fired upon our flag at Sumter, and long before breakfast-time all the population of Montgomery,

OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL

alike, was in the streets. The war had begun at last, and thenceforward all through the day and night came half-hourly dispatches telling of the progress of the fight, and at last, in the afternoon of the next day, the news came that Maj. Anderson had given up his gallant and almost useless fight and hauled down, for the first time in the war, the Stars and Stripes.

It was a trying time for me. The streets were filled with surging crowds, and the hotel lobbies were well-nigh impassable. The Exchange Hotel was the focus of the crowds, and Jeff Davis and other leaders were eagerly sought after.

When, finally, on the afternoon of the next day

NEWS OF THE SURRENDER

came, I could bear it no longer, and started off for a long walk out of the city to work off some of the suppressed excitement I was laboring under. I walked down along the railway for several miles, and at last came across an old colored man at work. I knew I was safe in expressing myself to one of his race, and talked to him for an hour or more until I had cooled myself off enough to return. In town the citizens had not only gotten out all the bands and portable musical instruments the place owned, but had pressed into service every imaginable utensil which could produce a noise—and were producing the noise. This was by way of expressing the public joy.

Davis, Stephens, Howell Cobb and other shining lights of the new-born Confederacy of slavery and cotton, were repeatedly called upon by serenaders for speeches. I pressed through the dense crowd in the hotel and lounged up to the office register, which I pretended to be examining while I was trying to think out a method of getting some information north to Washington

WITHOUT DETECTION.

During the preceding week, when a fixed date had been announced on which the attack in Charleston Harbor should begin, I tried to get that news North, but found, in my own ways, that all messages sent northward were repeated—relayed, telegraphers call it—at Chattanooga or Nashville, and there was a censorship at those and other points to suppress all messages deemed to be unsuitable to the welfare of the rebel cause. I had thought some of going northward to some point beyond the "relay" offices and trying the old Pennsylvania Railway plan of cutting a wire and establishing a private telegraph office in a fence-corner, but feared it would not work, and it was while leaning over the hotel register and thinking of this matter, that I suddenly overhead a remark that determined at once my future course.

All the time I had been in Montgomery I was much about the single telegraph office there, utilizing my ability to read by sound the messages constantly going and coming, and thus gained the most valuable information I had.

NO ONE SUSPECTED ME,

for at that day there were few expert telegraph operators in the South, and the ability to read by sound was so very rare that its possession was even generaly discredited. Practicing this acquirement had trained me to easily pick out and follow closely one particular sound among the surrounding babel of other voices and instruments.

I overheard a well-dressed, black-bearded rebel official, who stood by talking to the clerk, say that he was going to Pensacola on matters relating to Fort Pickens, which the gallant Lieut. Slemmer then held with a handful of Union troops. I listened atttentively.

I am unable now to relate exactly the conversation that ensued, but it was to this effect: The rebel official had just paid his bill and told the clerk that he was going that night by boat to Mobile, en route to Pensacola, to inaugurate some movement that would add Fort Pickens to the conquest achieved that day by the rebel arms at Sumter—he didn't call it rebel, however, but Confederate.

My own plan was formed in a moment. I would

GO TO PENSACOLA MYSELF.

I paid my bill, and when the high rebel ambassador to Pensacola walked down the gangplank to the steamer that very night I kept step close in his rear. I obtained a stateroom on the boat near my quarry, and when we reached Mobile the next morning followed him ashore and to the Battle House, where we both registered.

My assumed role of the young Texan bound for home was still in good form, for I was on the direct route for the Lone Star State, and no one thought of questioning my course. Mobile was in a state of excitement somewhat like that existing the week before in Montgomery while anticipating the attack on Sumter, for people here were expecting a speedy attack on the guardian fort at the mouth of the neighboring Bay of Pensacola, and there was a trifle of envy that the Gulf port had not been the first to succumb to the all-powerful Confederate arms.

Here I missed my ambassadorial friend in some way, but I had learned enough already to guide me, and early the next morning I crossed the bay in the ferry steamer and was soon on the stage bound for Pensacola.

The stage carried a dozen or more passengers bound for the same place, comprising rebel officers and soldiers and a sprinkling of civilians who were going over to witness the anticipated battle and consequent, as they firmly believed, humiliation of the Union flag. They were a jolly set, and in such an excited state of mind over the anticipated events on the beautiful bay that their talk was

GENERAL AND VERY FREE.

This unrestrained talk of matters and scenes at the point all were bound for enlivened what would otherwise have been a tedious and dreary ride through the deep sand of the desolate pine barrens the road lay through, and long before we had reached the little railway a few miles away from Pensacola that bore us on the last stage of the journey, I had learned such details of the camps, batteries, fortifications, arms and troops of the rebels that in the subsequent days of my visit I found no difficulty at all in visiting and examing every point I wished to see.

My friend, the rebel official whom I had followed from Montgomery, was not of the stage party of passengers, and did not arrive at Pensacola until after me, as I learned later, but most of my fellow-passengers among the civilians were young men like myself who were going to "see the fun," and it was no surprise at all to them that my Texan blood should fire me with the desire to see a fight and witness the abasement of the Stars and Stripes. I knew and talked of Texas as to the manner born, as they did of Florida, Alabama and Georgia, and I, like they—in their minds, was a gay, hot-blooded young Southron, fired with zeal for and pride in the South's new order of affairs.

The little town was crowded with others like ourselves, and our stage-load of humanity was glad when we reached the little hotel to find even where we could get a shelter within doors for a resting place. Every place was full, and a cot in hall or room was a luxury to be exceedingly grateful for, while the influx of outsiders strained the ability to feed so many

EXTRA HUNGRY STOMACHS.

Breakfast was almost a mockery to all, and especially to one accustomed to the bounteous fare of a Pennsylvania home. Sweet potatoes, corn-pone, wretched coffee, and coppery little oysters all water and no meat, formed the so-called breakfasts, and dinner and supper was but slight in improvement, while even the usual bountiful supply of fish was partially cut off by the presence of the Union fleet outside, that confined fishermen to a portion only of the bay inside.

My long day's stage ride had made me sleep too soundly to take much note that night of the numerous domesticated bedfellows we all had with us, but early with the new day I was awake and out, and, as soon as I had finished the dreadful breakfast, started off sight-seeing. My army companions in the stage the day before had talked in great detail, as I have written, of matters about the day, and especially had frequent mention been made of the Columbiads which formed the armament of the "masked battery" upon which the rebels evidently placed such great reliance. I had never before, that I know of, even heard of a "Columbiad," and the name itself deeply impressed me as describing some death-dealing machine of war that certainly threatened dire disaster to the Union flag and cause. In fact, while I was outwardly a rebel of rebels, and disloyal among disloyalists, I was becoming exceedingly depressed at heart by the secret belief, that was unconsciously growing stronger, that sure disaster

WAS IN STORE FOR MY OWN CAUSE.

The absolutely confident reiteration that rebel success was certain came not from one man or from one direction, but from every man, on every side, in such an exultant manner that it had its effect upon me in spite of my faith and hopes.

Let me halt a moment here. I was now just entering upon my first military work of procuring information of the enemy's plans and operations for the use of my own Government, and, as the reader will see, had been led to the work by an unforseen series of circumstances. I was a trusted secret

(Continued on 2d page.)

JUDSON KILPATRICK.

A Graphic Sketch of this Renowned Cavalry Leader.

FOUR YEARS IN SADDLE.

His Brilliant Achievements on Many Hard-Fought Fields.

HIS DEATH ABROAD.

His Remains, After Five Years, Buried at West Point.

BY WILLIAM SMALL, SERGEANT-MAJOR, 10TH OHIO CAV., WASHINGTON, D. C.

About five years ago the sad news reached us of the death of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, at Santiago, Chili, where he had resided for a number of years as the chief diplomatic representative of this country to the Chilian Republic. Considering the active and important part which Gen. Kilpatrick took in the late war, from its commencement to its close, it will surprise many to learn that, though a period of 17 years had elapsed

MAJ-GEN. JUDSON KILPATRICK.

since the termination of that great conflict, Kilpatrick, at the time of his death, was under 44 years of age. Being still a young and active man, and having, up to a short time previous to his death, enjoyed fairly good health, he and his friends very naturally indulged in the hope and expectation that time and opportunity would be afforded him for a career of usefulness and distinction in the future which would justly supplement and complete that so auspiciously begun and admirably sustained.

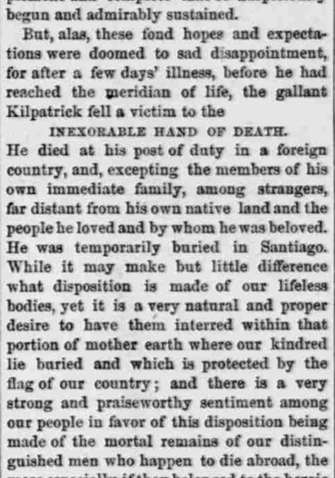
But, alas, these fond hopes and expectations were doomed to sad disappointment, for after a few days' illness, before he had reached the meridian of life, the gallant Kilpatrick fell a victim to the

INEXORABLE HAND OF DEATH.

He died at his post of duty in a foreign country, and, excepting the members of his own immediate family, among strangers, far distant from his own native land and the people he loved and by whom he was beloved. He was temporarily buried in Santiago. While it may make but little difference what disposition is made of our lifeless bodies, yet it is a very natural and proper desire to have them interred within that portion of mother earth where our kindred lie buried and which is protected by the flag of our country; and there is a very strong and praiseworthy sentiment among our people in favor of this disposition being made of the mortal remains of our distinguished men who happen to die abroad, the more especially if they belonged to the heroic soldier class; and of these, I venture to say, no one is more entitled to our consideration, as well as gratitude and admiration, than this young and dashing cavalry leader. Furthermore, it may well be doubted whether the career of any of them is so remarkable for daring exploits, thrilling incidents, and

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS.

Kilpatrick was a native of the State of New Jersey, and was born in the year 1838, near Deckertown, in the Clove Valley, situated in the northern part of that State. He was the youngest child of Col. Judson Kilpatrick, a well-to-do, well-known and highly-respected farmer of that section. Of his boyhood and youth I have learned only enough to surmise that he differed but little from other boys and youths, being fond of athletic and field sports, taking an active interest, either as a spectator or participant, in anything military, and in his choice of literature giving preference to marvelous



KILPATRICK AND HIS FLAG.

and sensational narrations, interspersed with those relating to heroic and valorous deeds, campaigns and battles. But that he was also an apt and diligent student is well attested by the fact that at the age of 18 we find him sufficiently instructed in the elementary principles of knowledge to pass, and creditably, the somewhat rigid examination made requisite for admittance to the West Point Academy. It should also be noted, in connection with his appointment to West

"I CAN LICK YOU OUT OF YOUR BOOTS."

Point, that it was secured through no other social or political influence than that possessed by himself personally as an individual—his intelligence and prepossessing appearance, supplemented, it may be, by persistent effort and persuasive eloquence on his part, winning for him this

MUCH-COVETED PRIZE.

Though a West Pointer, Kilpatrick had not yet graduated from that institution when the firing on Fort Sumter, the overt act of the rebellion, took place, and the regular time for examination and commencement exercises for the class to which he belonged was several months subsequent thereto. So great, however, was the patriotic enthusiasm of himself and a number of his classmates that they petitioned the Secretary of War to have the examination take place at once, and thus afford them opportunity to go to the front. The petition was granted, and out of a class of about 100, 50 graduated, Kilpatrick being one of the successful number. His standing with his class is well attested by the fact of his selection to deliver the valedictory address, and all agree that he acquitted himself most creditably on this interesting occasion.

He was commissioned Second Lieutenant and assigned to the 1st U. S. Art., and only delayed reporting for duty long enough to get married and receive the congratulations of his relatives and friends. This last event, decided upon some time previously, was not to have taken place until the August following, but owing to his determination to go at once to the front, where his life would be constantly exposed, he and his affianced concluded to have the ceremony take place without further delay ere he took his departure for the

FIELD OF ACTION AND DANGER.

Accordingly, the marriage took place, the ceremony being performed in the chapel of the West Point Academy, the Chaplain of the same officiating. It was a genuine affair of the heart, and we may well believe Kilpatrick and his bride looked forward with fondest hopes and brightest anticipations to much future happiness. What a blessed providence it is that the future is hidden from us by an impenetrable vail! Within two years from this happy event Kilpatrick's beautiful bride and their first-born, a splendid boy, were taken from him by death, and so terrible was the shock to the young husband and father that for a time it was feared he, too, would join them in the spirit land. We may reasonably assume that the melancholy which these afflictions settled upon him goes far to explain the apparently reckless disregard which he afterward evinced for his personal safety, as well as the dangerous exploits in which he engaged, and many of which he originated.

Kilpatrick and his affianced, Miss Alice Shaler, of New York city, were joined in wedlock before he reported for military duty, but within two or three weeks thereafter we find him at the front leading a charge in the first battle of the war, at Big Bethel, June 11, 1861. In this engagement he had the advance, and not only received his baptism of fire, but also

HIS FIRST BATTLE SCAR;

for while at the head of his command (a detachment of Duryea's Zouaves) he was struck in the right thigh by a grapeshot, making a painful and serious wound, but, though suffering much and weak from the loss of blood, he continued to lead his troops in several subsequent charges, and not until unable longer to keep on his horse did he consent to retire from the field. It will be remembered that on this occasion not only Kilpatrick but all the Union troops were obliged to yield their ground, a circumstance which, while it afforded great satisfaction to the enemy, at the same time had a wholesome effect on the loyal people of the North and the National authorities, as henceforth more adequate measures were adopted for the prosecution of the war.

It is pleasing to note that the gallantry displayed by Kilpatrick in the Big Bethel battle was both observed and rewarded, two promotions being conferred on him in recognition thereof—one as First Lieutenant, 1st U. S. Art., the other as Lieutenant-Colonel, Harris's Light Cavalry;* but his wound proved so troublesome that he was unable to report again for duty before September, and from that time until March following we find him actively employed in

DRILLING AND DISCIPLINING

his regiment, and in discharging the other important duties devolving upon him as Inspector-General of McDowell's Division and as a member of a board for examining cavalry officers.

On March 12, 1862, the grand Army of the Potomac moved toward Manassas, Kilpatrick's regiment having the advance, and after marching 30 miles they went into camp 12 miles in advance of the main army. The next day Kilpatrick, with his command, reached Catlett's Station, and there remained until about the middle of April, when, in conjunction with Col. Bayard, of the 1st Pa. Cav., he advanced on Falmouth. After a

*This regiment was organized at Scarsdale, N. Y., in August, 1861, and was mustered into the U. S. service as the 2d N. Y. Cav. One squadron from each New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut, and balance from New York.